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No. 8. PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, JUNE 16. 1864.

THE FAIR MOVEMENT IN THE LOYAL STATES.—No. 8.

THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.

New York, although obliged to imitate the example, and follow in the wake of the success of these great enterprises in other places, became at last thoroughly roused. Her imperial pride could not brook the suggestion that she must follow at a humble distance while others led. She was accustomed to be the pioneer in all the grand movements characteristic of the country, and she felt it an insult to her wealth and position when people began to murmur

"C'est de l' Ouest aujourd'hui d'ou vient la lumiere."

She set to work then in good earnest about the end of December last, with the determination of organizing a Fair, which should not only be more productive than any which had been previously held, but which should bring more money into the Treasury of the Commission than all former Fairs combined. Her ambition was to do as least as much, in proportion to her population, as had been done in other cities, and that amount was ascertained to be, with a singular uniformity in all parts of the country, just one dollar per head for every inhabitant. In this expectation she has not been disappointed, as more than a million of dollars has been paid to the Treasurer of the Commission as the net proceeds of the Metropolitan Fair.

There were special reasons also, independent of considerations such as we have alluded to, which called for a great effort on the part of the friends of the soldier and the Commission in New York. As we have had occasion to say more than once in these papers, the funds raised by the various Fairs in different parts of the country did not, except to a very limited extent, go into the central treasury for the general purposes of the Commission. They were retained by the local branches for the purchase of supplies exclusively. But these supplies all reached the army, and were distributed to the soldier by means of funds provided by the central treasury. The Commission, therefore, was placed in the position of a great express company, with plenty of freight offering, but no means to carry it to its destination. The embarassment became very great, not only because the money contributed by California, and which had hitherto been the main reliance of the Commission, ceased to flow, but because a very wide-spread opinion obtained with the public, that all the money of all the Fairs was made available for the general purposes of the Commission. This opinion, no doubt, lessened very much the ordinary steady flow both of supplies in kind, and of contributions in money.

People seemed to forget that although the collection and distribution of army supplies was a most important department of the work of the Commission, yet that it was but one of various departments—each of vital importance to the soldier, and each requiring a large sum for its maintenance. In view of the condition of the general Treasury, it became a serious question with the officers of the Commission whether they should drop all other branches of their work and limit themselves to the charge of merely distributing the supplies which might be sent to them. This would involve giving up their complete system, embracing Sanitary inspection by medical men of general Hospitals and of Camps; special relief, as it is called, with its system of homes at various points, where, on an average, more than twenty-three hundred men, the waifs and estrays of the army, are cared for every day; the Hospital Directory, containing the names of all the soldiers in all the general Hospitals of the country; Pension Agencies, for collecting gratuitously money due by the Government to the soldier or his family, and various other modes of relief of vast importance, of which great necessity had been shown by daily experience.

The Commission and its friends were determined to make a great effort to keep up these useful departments, and, thanks to the results of the Metropolitan Fair, and to what we may reasonably hope from our own "Central Fair," they can be maintained upon a sure and permanent basis.

Operations were commenced in New York at a meeting of two hundred ladies interested in the general subject of relief to the soldier. By this meeting a Board of Managers, or Executive Committee of twenty-five members,

taste and industry, we would direct attention to a particularly elegant quilt, formed of stripes of embroidered silk, fringed with white. Numerous donations have been sent to the club. They are all to be seen, duly labelled with the names of the donors, at Mrs. CLARK'S table. List of the club: President, Miss Kate Hart; Treasurer, Miss Mayer; Secretary, Miss Edith Poher; Members, Misses Wetzlas, Asch, Daniels, Rowland, Berg, and Schoneman.

HOW THE SANITARY IS WORKING IN THE FIELD—NO. 3.

[From Our Correspondent with the Potomac Army.]

WHITE HOUSE, VA., June 4, 1864.

In my last letter I referred especially to the mercantile phase of the Commission, which may, perhaps, be more readily understood by the good people who contribute so generously to its treasury and store houses, by referring to the more immediate plan of the local and branch societies. The town and village associations send their boxes to the branch office, say in Philadelphia, accompanied by invoices of their contents. On receipt of these boxes at the Philadelphia office, their contents are compared with their accompanying invoices, the latter duly filed and acknowledged. The contents are then duly classified and arranged in separate boxes, ready for shipment to Washington or elsewhere, at a moment's warning. When ordered, and shipped to Washington, the same system is repeated, thus duplicating the record, and when forwarded from Washington to the base of supplies for either field, a triple statement is filed, and every precaution used that is possible to prevent, not only fraud, but neglect. I present below a list of goods on hand at this water base at the present date, for the benefit of the army, which is being distributed now to the hospitals, and to the wounded, who are crowding here by thousands, for whom there is no room in the hospitals. Of the manner of distribution I shall speak hereafter:

1. Bedding and Hospital Supplies—10,111 pieces, 18 boxes, 1 hogshead, 2 barrels.
2. Wearing Apparel—19,369 pieces, 13⅞ boxes.
3. Hospital Food and Delicacies—22,639 pounds, 148 barrels, 109 half-barrels, 399 gallons, 4,640 bottles, 24 packages, 160 dozen of egg, 76 boxes of lemons, 156 boxes, 11 kegs, 17,099 cans, 3¾ sacks and bales, 200 ¼-cans.
4. Miscellaneous—576 bottles, 24¼ barrels, 2,032 tierces, 11 boxes, 43 bales, 935 pounds, 490 bushels.
5. Stationery—9 reams, 9,458 envelopes, 1,116 pencils, 72 bottles.

Supply wagons go to the front and carry supplies to the corps wagons, which distribute as directed by the superintendent of that department.

Relief agents, who are here, distribute to the wounded as they arrive, and continue their disbursements daily.

Steamers, as they leave for northern hospitals, loaded with wounded, are furnished with stores, dressers and nurses, who with their own hands supply the men with needed comforts.

We are absent twenty miles from the field of battle, and over this distance the wounded are drawn in wagons. The time occupied in transporting them is from fifteen to twenty hours.

Before they leave the field, the relief agents there dress their wounds and supply their wants as far as possible, the worst cases being retained under medical care.

To-day about about fifteen hundred came in, and could our friends have witnessed their arrival, and participated in their care, they would have realized a far richer compensation for their labors than they ever did before. An account of the organization of the auxiliary relief corps will be omitted for the present. Its work, however, will be referred to, as an occasion will thus be furnished for a few incidents of personal interest.

The wounded are lying in an open field in the rear of Feeding Station No. 1. They have been taken from the heavy wagon train; vacant places in hospitals are filled, and then blankets are spread on the grass, and the men are laid in rows upon them. Among them was the 32d Regiment Pennsylvania Reserves, its colonel and many men wounded. Vermont, Michigan, New York and New Jersey, and doubtless many other States were represented in that group; all of them uncomplaining and enduring. Their spirit of patience in suffering is beyond praise.

One who was shot in three places, and unable to move one limb in which were two balls, and another in the arm of the same side, was lying on his back, looking up towards the sun, and bearing on his face the expression of deep suffering, responded pleasantly to the inquiry, "What do you most need?" "Nothing, sir, but water and patience." I thought he had it in abundant measure.

Another, with a wound in his breast—a ball having passed into his right lung—was lying upon his right side, and without complaint, waited his turn, asking only for a drink of water, and then he could endure till his comrades were attended to, and they in turn, finding he was more seriously injured than any who were near him, insisted that *he* should be first attended to.

Another, with a ball still rankling among his tendons, said, "My trust for myself is the *Lord*, and I have the same trust for my country. I bear my wounds for the sake of both."

Another, more seriously wounded, but of a more jolly temperament, as he was borne on a stretcher from a wagon, cried out to those about him, "We whipped 'em bully, boys, and they'll be more bully whipped yet. Hurrah for Grant and the Union." He was unable to stand or sit up, but was as buoyant and hopeful as the above expression indicates.

A little aside from the field of wounded, a few coffins, with their tenants, were awaiting shipment, and a lonely corpse, blanketed and labelled, was watched by a comrade, who was earnest for a decent burial, which, under the charge of the Commission agent, to whom that department is assigned, was doubtless secured. Of this interesting service, more hereafter. Suffice it to say that even this last rite of honorable burial is secured to the dead by a responsible agent.

Before nightfall the steamer Winonah was ready to receive as many as she could contain of those who were to be shipped. She took on board about four hundred and fifty wounded, a large supply of sanitary stores, and twelve nurses and dressers of the Sanitary Commission. The Utica left a few hours afterwards, under charge of the Christian Commission, and drew up along side of the Sanitary Commission supply barge, for supplies, before her departure. These two boat loads have gone towards what the soldiers call so significantly, "God's country."

Yours, &c., J. P.

THE HARVEST MOON.

BY THE LATE BISHOP DOANE.

[An Unpublished Piece.]

Harvest moon, so called, is a remarkable phenomenon, relating to the rising of this luminary in the harvest season. During the time she is full, and a few days before and after, (in all about a week,) there is less difference in the time of her rising, between any two successive nights, (in other words she is more constant) than when she is full, in any other month of the year. For the *why*; she thus affords an immediate supply of light after sunset, which is very beneficial in gathering in the fruits of the earth. Hence the name. Second, for the *because*. To understand the matter, it must be borne in mind that the moon is always opposite to the sun when she is full; that in our harvest months, she is full in the signs Pisces and Aries, which are the signs opposite to Virgo and Libra, where the sun is at that season; and because those parts of the ecliptic rise in a shorter space of time than any others. The moon, when she is about her full, in harvest, rises with less difference of time, for several successive nights, or more immediately after sunset, than when she is full at other seasons of the year. It may be observed that this phenomenon is much more conspicuous in the high latitudes, than near the Equator. God's wise providence bestows the benefit where, from the shortness of the days, it is most valuable. G. W. D.

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woods for the remains of our unfortunate comrade, but with no success. We discovered, in one place, a suspicious pile of brush against the foot of a tree, and, clearing it away, were rewarded by finding the uniform of a rebel soldier, a pair of boots, some papers, and several medical works. You may imagine our men swore vengeance upon Champ, and have since kept their oath.

SECESSIONESSES.

The fair secesh are by no means so defiant and contemptuous as when we passed through this country in the spring of '63. Then black looks and certain little elevations of certain of the facial muscles, conveyed the impression to the most dashing cavalier among us that while her Romeo was far away in the rebel ranks, the fascinating Juliet would scorn the sweetest compliments of his enemy. So none of us ventured any attack upon the fair but bristling fortifications of Ye female Chivalrie. But yesterday, as we neared a small town, seventy miles south of Nashville, some delay with the trains gave us an opportunity to change our close quarters in the cars to the green meadows outside. A few of us, with true soldierly instinct, made our way to a fine house at hand to beg a glass of water.

Five ladies were seated upon the porch, a sort of female cabal, met perhaps to read a smuggled copy of that amiable and tolerant sheet, the *Richmond Examiner*, (we saw its familiar caption under a chair), and have a good time, hurling their spicy and piquant little anathemas upon the savage hordes of which we were a few of the barbarous officers. The acorns on our felts—less happy than that lucky offshoot of Tennyson's Talking Oak—touched the ground as we bent before the F. F. T's. One by one, smiles came out, like lamps in a light-house, upon the fair countenances, two of which, sooth to say, were very fair, and in less time than it takes me to record the delightful fact, we were sitting at our ease, for the first time for six months, in a lady's drawing-room, listening to amiable prattle, exchanging playful badinage and applauding good music. We heard the overture to William Tell, *a quatre mains*, and "*ah, non guinge*" as far as the "*mi abbraccia*" when the warning whistle of the locomotive tore us from our elysium and we rushed back, pell-mell over the fields, thick and sweet with clover, in time to jump into our dreary box-cart, as it rolled slowly away. Secesh waved its handkerchiefs and the *Richmond Examiner*, and we our hats, till we turned into a dark gorge and forgot each other.

JIM DERRY, ESQUIRE.

The first time I was on the Cumberland Mountains, while out on a scout with the Colonel, I came across a rough-looking Hibernian named Tim Derry, and I opened on him. "Good morning, Mr. Derry," said I. "Good mornin', sir," said he. He was stout and heaty. "What's the reason you're not in the rebel army?" "Well," said he, with a lowering glance at me, a threatening one at the Derries about him, and a keen, expectant one at the mountain behind him, "I kep' out o' it."

Encouraged by this satisfactory reply, I asked him several other questions of the rebel movements during Bragg's retreat; whether they had gone across the mountain, and by what road; to all of which I received similar lucid replies. It then came his turn to interrogate: "Where did you come from this mornin'?" said he. "Oh!" I answered, "I'm just riding around, looking at the country." "Faix," returned he, with the amiable glance of a hungry tiger, "did you bring nobody wid yer but yesself?" I smiled grimly, and told him I was not alone, placing my hand on my "navy," and after complimenting his wife on the neatness of her earthen floor, rode away.

I may mention here, for the benefit of those ladies who "adore guerillas," as well as by way of a finis to Mr. Derry, that at last advices he was under guard in Chattanooga, and about to expiate his crimes of bushwhacking, horse-stealing and murder, under the iron hand of military authority, and be "roped in."

SERGEANT MILLER ON THE SANITARY.

NO. 4.

HUCKLEBERRY, PA., (On the Merryland Border.)
To the Editor of the *Daly Fare*.

Respected Sir. Esquare.

Befoar leevn hoam i was suplide by Square Stevns with noats to make me none to Mr. WELSH, Mr. FURNIS, yorself and sum other Sannytariuns.....as you uns are cawld heer .....i always fetch a letter of intryduckshen to good sosiety, as the hawk sed wen he brot his Bil to the hens.....i deklined wun frum a certain wealthy frend of owrs over the line in Washingten Countey, hard on to Conokycheeg .....who was Secesh until his last nig run away.....and who even now is oanly a Union Man wen he comes to town, or on Sundase.

Our Root to Philadelphy was renderd intrestin to Betsy by my pintin out the seens witch the War hes made sakrid to Histery .....as wen i shode Her the road by witch Jeneral Lee was gided by Ike Fishel.....hoo was subseqntly pardnd in order to incurage the uthers.....also the spot wher a Sesesh farmer toald sum of ower men he wuld see them damd before he would giv em a stick of fewel to make a fire with.....so that they wer compeld to burn up his Pigg Pen and eet the occupence..... it may gratify the lovers of strickt disaplin to lern that wen he complande to our Colonel.....that gentelmn perlitely promisd to speek to Sekertery Stanton on the subjeck. .....Att carlile we contemplatd the place where the Rebs fired shel and cannester without warnin into a town ful of Wimin and childrn .....and Landisses batery.....a performence witch.....accordin to the Richmond papers .....is piculier to Lincoln Hirelins.....and Dutch Van Dals.....but is not in keepin with cristian war fare, like as the rat sed wen they tide him to the tale of a sky-rocket.

At Chambersburg we were delade by Oald Mommy Morris stoppin to By a peck of Merryland biskit from an Ameriken citisen of Afreken dissent.....there is sum things witch niggers kin do better than wite foalks.....like as the Crow remarked to the pidgen wen he giv him lessens in steelin Corn.....at carlile wee ware treeted with the jinerus hosspitalety.....for witch that nobul town is emanent.....as menny a hungry soldier can testafy.....thare is a grate deel of refinement Goin on thare.....like as the moccasen sed wen he saw the boot bein blacked.....if a poet wants a theem, let him sing the prases of the Ladies of Carlile..... and wile he is abowt itt.....let him say a good word for the Men.....tho Cander compels me to addmit that the latter has an ireglar Bushfitin way of firin at Rebels on thare oan Hook .....witch as a strict dissyyplinarean i cannot endorce.....mutch as i Addmire thare motivs.

Att harrysburg .....i was layin doun in the bottom of the Waggin and Miss ELIZABETH MORRIS a sittin up.....thare cum along a promisin Yeuth, who, reeding the innscription on owr vehycle.....asked of that yung lady if she was Supplize for the Sannitery.....To witch she urbainly replide.....as a public carricter.....that she pled gilty to bein sometimes cawled Lize amung her freinds, but did not expect to Sup befoar tee time.....His anser i blush to record.....itt was to the efect that he had herd tel of the Father of Lize and was glad to see wun of the Famely.....heerin this i aroas in rath.....and hee, seein my fewrius and marshal aperence.....in a Fatig Cap..... took to Fight.....with an L in it..... I feer that the legislatur at harrysbug is demorylisin to the yung peeple ther.....to judge by the sass, brass, and gass of the Boys.

Had i none befor hand.....the Corgial recepshn witch awated us at Philadelphy.....i should trooly hav exclamd.....'There's a good time cummin'.....like as the boy sed wen he smelt Gingerbread a bakin. We were kindly made Gests of a Sanitterry gentleman in his house.....i trust that i do not vierlate the confidents of horspitality wen i state that wile there we lived like Dellywariuns in duck time. .....Or as i myself have herd it exprest in that gloarious little Stait. ....like Piggs in a Peech-orchid.

I heer drop my tale for the present.....like as the Taddpoal sed when he turned into a Frogg.....Of the Sanniterry peeple whom i met.....Of thare personal aperence.....*et cetery*, &c .....you will be dooly informed in my neckst letter.

Yours to cummand ISAIAH MILLER.
Late Sergt. Co. C. 941st Regt. P. V.

were selected, who, with a similar committee of gentlemen, undertook the general management of the Fair. The details were confided to various committees, each having charge of some special department of industry or art in which to gather contributions in money, or in articles of taste and utility. It was at first designed, as we have seen in our account of the Brooklyn Fair, to embrace not only New York city, but all the populous towns in its immediate neighborhood, as a field of operations. It was found, however, that this was impracticable, principally owing to the necessity of postponing the opening of the Fair beyond the time originally intended.

This necessity arose from the daily increasing proportions of the enterprise which had been undertaken. It soon became apparent that a space sufficiently large for a suitable display of all that the wealth and liberality of New York proposed to do for the soldier had not been selected. In addition to the building in Fourteenth street, two hundred feet square, with a very considerable space in the second story, it became necessary to erect another of large dimensions, on Union Square. Both were over-crowded during the continuance of Fair, with the choicest productions of taste and industry. The various departments resembled very much those we have described at other Fairs, except that in many respects the display was far grander and more imposing than had been seen elsewhere. The Foreign Department was peculiarly attractive. The collection of arms and trophies of all kinds reminded one of the most famous historical museums of Europe, while the Art Gallery brought together a collection of pictures from private cabinets such as has never before been seen in this country.

The striking incidents of the Fair appear to have been very few, the famous sword contest being the only occurrence which ruffled at all the decorous, practical and business-like style in which the whole thing was conducted. But the result, in a pecuniary point of view, was unsurpassed, and worthy in every way of the Empire City. More than a million of dollars have been received as the net proceeds of the enterprize. The expenses were about $100,000. The loss from counterfeit and mutilated notes was less than three hundred dollars. One feature of the undertaking, well worth remarking, was the very large amount contributed in cash, the Fair being looked upon not only as a place for the exposition and sale of goods, but also an occasion upon which all who could not offer articles of their own manufacture for the relief of the soldier, might accomplish the same object by gifts in money.

We would call attention to the very beautiful album of sketches contributed by some of the most distinguished artistes of New York, Boston and Philadelphia to the Great Central Fair.

ITEMS BY A CAVALRY MAN.

[For Our Daily Fare.]

PAYING FOR AN OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

While at Sparta, Tennessee, with Colonel Harrison's Regiment, (39th Indiana Mounted Infantry), in the beginning of last January, I was detailed by Colonel H. as Provost Marshall, and part of my duty was to administer the oath of allegiance to such of the citizens as would take it voluntarily. One day a rough specimen of the chivalry came into my office and accosted me with "How d'ye, stranger; are you the Provost?" I told him I was. "Wa'al," said he, squirting a mouthful of fluid-weed on the stove, "I recken I'll take yer oath." I soon had the oath administered in all due form and solemnity, the returning prodigal stumbling slightly at the words "mental reservation or evasion," but being assured that they did not involve the surrender of his "hosses," recovered his ground. I handed him his duplicate, properly signed and witnessed, and asked him a few questions. As he put on his hat to go, he pulled out an old greasy wallet, saying as he opened it: "Wa'al I reckon as how there's suthin' to pay, what mought you charge? Not more'n half a dollar I reckon?" I assured him we were not accustomed to charge a man anything for becoming loyal. "Wa'al, Mister, that's clever naow; they allus used to charge for such at the Squire's up yander," and with a happy smile he went on his way rejoicing.

Not long after, a man whose name sounded very much like Smelfungus, appeared in the doorway, and demanded a pass for "hisself and these yer two other ladies" to go out of town. The party resisted the fascinations of the three-legged stool, which was all the furniture my "office" could boast, and fortified with their pass, shortly departed, the "two other ladies" flaunting their scant and aerial calico skirts with quite as much defiant grace as their sisters in Huntsville displayed with their silks and grenadines at the sight of a Yankee soldier.

CHAMP FERGUSON.

I have heard of certain fair ladies who live under the Stars and Stripes and read with the greatest interest the doings of "John Morgan and his gallant band." "It's so like Robin Hood!" lisps Miss Cobra D. Capello. "Oh, I do dote on *guerillas*—such a lovely word, so Spanish, you know—why you can almost see the *sombrero* shading the splendid beard. I wish I lived on the Border." I wish from my soul you did, my dear Miss Capello; then, perhaps, you would have had an opportunity of testing the gallantry and Robinhood-ativeness of the chivalric Rinaldinis of Tennessee. One of these wretches, the notorious Champ Ferguson, who had made himself obnoxious by robbing everybody—union men, sutlers, stores on the borders of Kentucky, and henroosts within his own Tennessee—nearly fell into our hands last January. Col. Harrison (39th Indiana) came within an ace of capturing him in his own house. As it was, he took to the mountain fastnesses in sight of our party, which arrived at his house in time to capture five horses, in charge of a negro, who was just about to follow Champ. Mrs. Ferguson was pathetic; "hoped the colonel would not take her last horse, as she would then have none to send to mill." "My dear madam," said Col. H., in his quick way, "I would not willingly put you to any inconvenience; but your husband is an excellent business man, and, I have no doubt, can provide you with another horse immediately. Good morning."

Poor Mrs. Champ! Shortly afterwards the Colonel found on her plantation about a thousand dollars worth of goods belonging to a sutler whom her husband's band had killed a few weeks before, on the mountains. They were buried and hidden in straw sacks. Our men carried away what they could, and the remainder was burned, much to Mrs. Champ's chagrin. The people in this region are nearly all secesh, and harbor these murderers. Colonel H. talked to them severely, telling them he was now "throwing turf, but if that would not do he would soon try stones. He expected them to discountenance and rid their neighborhood of these men, and would return soon and see what had been done. He was determined that it should be stopped, and, if necessary, would lay waste the whole Calf-killer Valley."

Riding along that afternoon and discussing the Colonel's oration, which was received with open mouths and witless brains by the promising inhabitants of the valley, we started a couple of wild does, which bounded across the road, tails up, "showing the cotton," as hunters say, and were soon out of sight in the forest. That night half a dozen of us spent with an old hunter on the mountain, and supped on broiled venison, and the next morning breakfasted on wild turkey. The old man, Myers, who is a genuine descendant of the great Boone, so far as habits and mode of life go, said that in two years he had shot thirty deer and two hundred wild turkeys.

Before parting with Champ Ferguson, who has, I am happy to say, since had his last row—with Charon, I may mention one of his most brilliant and characteristic exploits. A member of our regiment was coming into camp alone, and stopped at a farm-house to get breakfast. While there he was amazed by the apparition of Champ, who walked up to him, pistol in hand, and ordered him to surrender. Being entirely unarmed the poor fellow had no alternative, and was immediately marched out into an adjoining woods and shot, in cold blood, by this villain. Our colonel, on hearing of the outrage, sent out a party to scour the

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

BY ELLEN MURRAY.

The wide hot field, where smoke and steam
Of battle only helped the beam
  Of south-sun at its noon.
Where trench on trench was filled across
By dying man and struggling horse,
  Where death was priceless boon.

There waking from the sudden sound
A soldier on the trampled ground
  Was parching with his thirst;
And asked, but only heard, hard by
How dying rebels in reply,
  With bitter anguish cursed.

It seemed to him in fevered trance
He saw the sparkling runlets dance
  By his New England home,
And take their way with whirl and leap
In emerald coolness down the steep,
  To break in light and foam.

Upon the slope the flowers of May,
The mountain breezes round him play,
  He cannot feel their cool.
Yet watches from the rock's bold side
How trout and minnow dart and glide
  Across the dark, still pool.

He starts to feel his bitter pain
The burning fever-thirst again,
  And moans beneath the sun.
But tender hands were near to bear
To cooling shade and fresher air,—
  —Gently their work is done.

He drinks the ice-cooled cup they give
And murmurs how the angels live
  By waters pure and clear,
That break in ripples on the shore
And those who drink thirst nevermore;
  Then sleeps to waken *there*.

Blessed be they throughout the land
Whose undismayed and tireless hand,
  Present in sorest need,
Has help and comfort freely given,
The love of man, the smile of heaven
  Be just and fitting meed.

THE SOLDIERS' SONG.

Are you all here, boys? We are here.
Will you stand by the Union? Never fear.
  Then for Abr'am and the nation
  Let us fight like all creation,
Give the "chivalry" a taste of Yankee "cheer."

Have you been in Rebel prisons? See our bones.
Have you buried any comrades? Count the stones.
  Then for Abram and the nation,
  Fight 'em, boys, like all creation—
Give the traitors ample measure for their groans.

God is just—you all know it? That we do.
God is mightier than evil? Very true.
  Then for Abram and the nation,
  Let us fight like all creation,
Till our bullets pierce Rebellion through and through.

Have you sweet-hearts and wives? We are men.
Then dash away your tears.—And what then?
  Why, for Abram and the nation,
  You will fight like all creation,
Till the Union, strong as ever, lives again!

OUR OWN GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.

Details and Jottings.

The Fair buildings were crowded as usual yesterday. Strange faces thronged every avenue, department and corridor, and bore testimony to the general and wide-spread interest taken in the great patriotic, humanitarian movement. To-day, we will have a visit from the President to the Fair; and this circumstance will attract crowds of visitors, who will hit two birds with one stone by seeing the President and the Fair at the same time. We resume our notice of matters connected with the Fair:

THE SCHOOLS.

Since our notice of the School Department, we have received a few more items in relation to the Ninth Section. This section was unavoidably omitted yesterday. The Twenty-fifth Section claims another paragraph.

NINTH SECTION.

As soon as the Fair enterprise was fairly inaugurated, the Ninth School Section decided on a concert to be given by the Zane Street Girls' Grammar School. Seventy-three hundred tickets were sold, and as it was impossible to obtain any larger room than the Academy of Music, the house was uncomfortably full. The sale of tickets would have been much larger if it had been possible to accommodate the multitude of friends who desired to be present. To accommodate the thousands who could not gain admittance, the concert was repeated on Saturday afternoon, and $1500 was the result.

The concert over, scholars and teachers devoted themselves to the pleasant duty of preparing, in the short time which remained, articles for the table, the decorations of which were a gift from two of the Directors. How they succeeded all those who were fortunate enough to see Ninth Section table on the day of opening, can testify, If any have been deprived of this pleasure, we can only recommend them to make their way at once to the School Department, and find the centre stand, immediately opposite the Restaurant, where is to be seen the most beautifully decorated table in the Fair.

Among these decorations we specially note the Polish flag, bearing the Stanislaus coat-of-arms, on a crimson ground; an eagle, with extended wings, over a handsome frame containing the resolutions prepared by Select and Common Council to be presented to Major-General HANCOCK. These resolutions were kindly loaned by Mr. EVERMAN, Councilman of the 24th Ward. A committee of the directors superintended the decorating of the portion allotted to this section, and as we passed by, before the Fair opened, we saw the ubiquitous Mr. YOUNG, mounted high in air, hammer in hand, while Mr. KEEN handed over the tacks to fasten up the most beautiful paneled paper in the building, which had been kindly contributed by Mr. BROWN, while the approving smiles of Mr. TENBROOK and Mr. BEESLEY testified to their deep interest in the affair.

The table has been presided over by relays of teachers, managed under the supervision of Miss WEBB in such a way that no school has been closed. The teachers, generally, have manifested great interest and zeal in everything connected with the Fair.

TWENTY-FIFTH SECTION.

In our previous notice of this Section, we should have referred to a handsome silver set; a beautiful vase of wax fruit; one very large and handsomely-dressed doll; a miniature sofa; children's clothing of the most beautiful and fashionable goods; in fact, it is impossible to particularize among so many. A frame, prepared from relics from the battle-field of Gettysburg, made by Miss MARY LEIGLER, of the Carroll School, deserve notice; also, the models of two vessels, one a full-rigged ship, enclosed in a glass-case, the other of a fast sailing yacht. The latter was made by the pupils of the Irving school. Suspended from the ceiling are three bead baskets, a quilt from the ladies of Nicetown, and one from the Carrol School. Altogether, the Twenty-fifth, for a rural Section, has done well.

PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

A number of tables in this department are filled with contributions from Private Schools, and the display made by each is very creditable.

MISS SMITH'S SCHOOL.

Perhaps there are none in the Fair, who have accomplished more, in proportion to their opportunities, than the young ladies of Miss Smith's School.

For years they have had a sewing society for the benefit of the poor, but when Sumpter was fired, their charity found a new channel,—charity! they rather had the privilege of contributing their mite to the noble men who were hazarding life itself, for our common country.

They knit one hundred pairs of stockings, made five hundred housewives, shirts and drawers, besides sending boxes of hospital stores to several points during the past two years.

Last Fall, at the commencement of the school year, they re-organized under the title of the "Sanitary Aid," tributary to the Sanitary Commission, and bright faces lit up from warm hearts, met Tuesday after Tuesday, not to "chase the glowing hours with flying faces," but to ply *red flannel* with busy fingers.

When the Fair was projected, they announced the first private entertainment given for its benefit in this city,—a series of Tableaux which will linger in the memories of those who saw them.

The maternal ancestor of our first families,

Our Daily Fare.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 16, 1864.

THE WAR AND THE FAIR.

HAD it been foretold to us, only a few years ago, that there was contained in the future a bloody civil war, shaking the Union to its foundations, and that there was also to be held in Philadelphia a Fair, brilliant beyond compare, who of us could have imagined that these two things, so foreign the one to the other, so directly opposite, were to occur in the self-same hour? We could not have dreamed it. We should have supposed, most probably, that the War and the Fair would be wide apart, separated, the one from the other, by a great gap of time. Our conjecture would have been that the Fair would be held, not during the war, but after the war, in celebration, perhaps, of the return of peace.

But, as it is, the great Fair is held in the very midst of the war, and while the fiercest battles of the war are raging. Out of the ground smoking with the warm blood of the terrible conflict, and amidst the uproar of the fight, flower forth these wondrous forms of a divine humanity. Not Peace, but savage War has caused the sacred seed to germinate and swell; and rich in beauty and beneficence are the fruits. While we are engaged in deadly strife with a portion of our countrymen, all loyal hearts are fused into one as never before, and the division lines of the States and Sections are well nigh obliterated. Undesignedly, unconsciously, by the ever-active, resistless force of nature, there is forming, through the agency of those sentiments which the war inspires so powerfully, a new Union, a Union which the old Union only dimly foreshadowed. The blood that is shed—every precious drop of it—crying out to us from the ground which it hallows, summons into activity those generous instincts which are laying the foundations of a Temple of Peace that nothing shall be able to destroy.

HOW THEY LIVE AT THE "WATER BASE."

It may be interesting to some of the readers of the *Daily Fare*, and especially to such as have friends in the Sanitary Corps, to hear something of the habits of life of those who have gone to "the front," as the term is at home, though to those engaged in service at "the base" of the army itself, "the front" means something considerably beyond. White House, the late base of General GRANT'S army, is about fifteen miles in the rear of the actual scene of his most recent operations. The "base" is necessarily well removed from the line of battle, and upon a navigable river or well-protected railway. At White House the Sanitary Commission have their headquarters on a boat at the wharf. Here all hands assemble three times daily for meals, and a motley group they are; mostly young men of education, doctors, young clergymen, clerks from their counting houses, and artisans from their shops, arrayed in every variety of costumes, not a white shirt to be seen, and scarcely a tall hat. At the hour appointed, these flock from the widely scattered hospital tents into which their duties have led them, to the repast provided by the Sanitary.

Imagine not, gentle reader, a tastefully spread board with damask table-cloth, a service of china and silver-plated forks, for the Sanitary serves its rations of beef, potatoes and dried apples on tin plates, its coffee and tea in ordinary tin cups, the brown sugar is stirred in with a pewter spoon, and the milk (concentrated dissolved) is supplied from an old-fashioned tin coffee pot with a long spout. Let it not be thought, however, that there is any grumbling at this table. On the contrary, every one is happy, conversation flows freely, and to the credit of the corps be it said, that no one ever hears an improper word at or around the table. A spice of female society, albeit rather scarce as yet, gives tone to the intercourse among those engaged in the work, while on the soldiers it has a most favorable effect.

VOTE EARLY AND VOTE OFTEN.

It gives us real pleasure to invoke all the visitors to the Great Central Fair, to indulge in a liberal practice of the above much abused rule. It is one of the inestimable privileges of the occasion. At most other elections one vote is considered enough for one man—and in point of fact, that is all the law allows. We are aware that we have a class of voting patriots among us who do not agree with the law, but sometimes they suffer a rather close confinement for their attempted enlargement of their area of freedom. But we have no such unpleasant restrictions at the Fair, Here we have a true realization of "universal suffrage." Every-body may vote—man, woman and child, provided only the poll-tax be paid, which ranges from Twenty-five Cents to One Dollar. For the latter sum, you may help to give your favorite General the $2500 sword, or say who shall have the magnificent Silver Vase, while for the former, you may cast your suffrage so as to give the costly Silver Trumpet, to your choice among our noble Fire Companies, or say which of the Generals' wives shall have that love of a Leghorn Bonnet valued at one hundred and seventy-five dollars.

At these Fair elections the motto is "vote early and vote often," to which we add, by request of the election officers "vote all the time—and all the tickets."

JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

There is no one phrase that we have heard repeated more frequently, during the Fair, than the one with which we have headed our article. In the crowd, as we jostle through the door, we at once recognize the marital relation of the couple before us by the application of it by the man to the confiding being on his arm. The cause of the remark is generally intimated in such a gentle tone that we rarely catch it, and often amuse ourselves in inquiring what the female could have done so characteristic of her sex. We think, perhaps, the gentle being has left the gas all burning in the deserted mansion, or has left the dead-latch up, or has not warned Bridget against allowing the baby to play on the railroad track, or, worse than all, has forgotten to bring her Fair ticket with her. The last atrocity, however, generally brings out something stronger than a general reflection; and its mildest type, is giving the phrase a personal turn, as "that's so like you."

Brothers and sisters generally favor the last phrase, without they have reached mature years, when the former one is considered sufficient. The latter phrase has the advantage of being susceptible of conveying a certain amount of tenderness, when, for instance, it is used to give the idea that "it is only pretty Fanny's way." In this sense it is used among cousins, and between the sexes, when there is no blood relationship existing. It is rather a telling thing then, by the way, the idea of being unlike any one else, is very gratifying to the female mind. A man can use it safely unless he accompanies it with an offensive intonation or sneer, when, of course, it changes its character and becomes disagreeable. The phrase, however, "just like a woman," can never be considered, strange to say, complimentary. Why it should not be is certainly odd. There must have been some expletive originally connected with it which, in the lapse of time, has been lost—some word or other, which, to speak grammatically, is "understood." Why it is, that to say to a woman that her conduct is "just like a woman," should be considered a sneer, is certainly mysterious; if said to a man it would be plain enough, but we all prefer women who act like women, and yet we make it a term of reproach that they do so.

We heard a woman, speaking of her height, say she was either five feet seven or seven feet five, she did not recollect which, and the sentiment was unanimous that to say that was exactly "like a woman." But when we speak of women generally, its meaning can be made to convey a degree of approbation difficult to express. For instance, when we speak of the devotion and self denial and untiring zeal they have exhibited throughout this whole war, our vocabulary enables us to say nothing higher than "that is just like them."

Around the room are mottoes formed of similar letters. They are as follows:

"Remember the sick and wounded soldiers."

"Stand by the Flag."

"In God is our trust."

"Freedom for all."

"All for our Country."

"Little but Plucky."

The point of the last motto is in the fact that a couple of tiny specimens of the Stars and Stripes are the subject of the pithy remark.

At the book stand in the Children's Department there are some excellent works offered for sale. Among them is a beautiful little volume, printed on fine tinted paper, and handsomely illustrated, which is entitled the "Children's Hour." The entire book is a contribution to the cause, and among the contributors to the work, in the various departments, of paper, printing, binding, &c., are Messrs. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., CHAS. J. PETERSON, CHAS. MAGARGE, COPPER & FRY, EDWARD GASKILL, J. A. SPEEL, MILLER & BURLOCK, WILLIAM RUTEER, and PAWSON & NICHOLSON.

MRS. MCDONALD.

Yesterday, a rustic gentleman, while strolling through the Fair, with his intended hanging upon his arm, stopped to gaze at the display made at one of the tables. Pointing to a fine picture upon the wall, he inquired who it was. "The Madonna," was the reply of the polite attendant.

"Oh!" replied the gentleman from the agricultural districts; and remarked to his companion as he moved off, that "Mrs. McDonald must be a plaguy pretty woman!"

From the Children's Department visitors can proceed direct to the Children's Exhibition Room, where Signor Blitz, and other kind-hearted performers, are ready to entertain them; and to the "Skating Pond" and "Ball Room."

"THE DAYS OF SIXTY-THREE."

This agreeable poem, written and published for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, was written by a lady of this city, who has derived her inspiration from the highest source—her patriotism and sympathy with the trials and perils of the soldiers. The subject is as follows:

A veteran of the days of sixty-three is seated beneath the shade of his orchard, before the door of his ancestral home. Half a century has passed away since he fought with the conquerors at Gettysburg, and it is now the eve of the 4th of July, 1913. All around is peace and plenty; the sun is setting and the flocks returning home. But, as the shadows lengthen, and the stillness of evening descends, the force of contrast brings back to the mind of the old soldier the struggle through which he passed, and the friends and comrades who fought by his side. His grand-children, who see the change, soothe him with their caresses, and beg the story of the war. This is told in spirited and melodious words, vividly depicting many of the striking scenes through which we have passed. The whole closes with a just and grateful tribute to the Sanitary Commission. We trust that this little work, which costs only fifty cents, and can be found on many of the more important stalls in the Fair, will meet with a ready sale, and, by adding to the funds of the Commission, answer the only purpose the writer had in view.

.....As it is said that two of a trade never agree, we take pleasure in refuting the calumny by stating that several gentlemen of the pharmaceutical profession have agreed admirably in aiding the Sanitary. We are requested by several ladies to return thanks to Mr. WYETH, of Walnut above Broad, for very liberal gifts in great variety, of perfumery and fancy wares, and also to Mr. ALFRED TATEM, of Locust and Fifteenth, for the zeal manifested, not only in giving to, but in laboring for the cause. We would ourselves acknowledge indebtedness to Messrs. ESTLACK & ROHRER, of Eighteenth and Market streets, for their zeal in collecting subscriptions for *Our Daily Fare*, and their kindness in supplying us in the hour of need, with needful "furniture" for our table.

.....Gentlemen and ladies writing notices of goods for exhibitions, for our Gossip, *are requested to study brevity*.....We are requested to state that the celebrated Genoa ivory crucifix, brought to this country by C. EDWARDS LESTER, subsequently sold for ten thousand dollars to the Cosmopolitan Art Association, and now in possession of "Right Reverend Bishop NEUMAN," is on exhibition at the west end of Union avenue.....A gentleman who has been "provided for," thus tells us the tale of his sorrows: "Lately, while strolling through the Fair, a black-eyed damsel, of the Floral department, was very much too clever for me. She said, 'You will find a letter, Mr. ———, in the post-office.' I got it—found much point in it, and went back to my floral friend. I taxed her with having written it, but it was not her handiwork. 'If you will find out who who wrote the letter, I will buy a bouquet from you,' said I; 'Agreed,' said she. A half-hour after I heard a voice, 'I've found out who wrote the letter.' 'Ah, I'm delighted to buy the flowers; who wrote it?' but the tender bud answered, 'I only promised to *find out* the name, not to tell it to you.' I sadly paid my money for the bouquet; but was'nt it a good 'sell' of the flowers? The lassie promises, however, that if I buy another bouquet to-morrow, she will tell me whether or not she will give the name of the fair writer of the clever letter."

Our restaurant, capitally as every-thing is done there, cannot offer anything so rich as the following exact copy of a card sent The Daily Fare, from Havana:

THE BOTH WORLD HOTEL
Num 80 San Ignacio Street
PLAZA VIEJA.

In this establishment set as the European style receives lodgers which will find an splendid assistance so in eating as in habitation therefore the master count with the elements necessary.

One who has "gone in on the Indians four times," as he expresses it in his note, desires us to call the attention of the public to their exhibition, and declares that for ab-originality it is unequalled. They have not as yet given the great stamp-on-your-friend's-foot-Zea-maize, or Green Corn dance, but as soon as Ne-na-no-kim-me-na-no-now, or Tobacco-made-of-pot-herbs has recovered from the last roast pig he devoured, we may look for the event; during his convalescence, the following lines are recommended to his attention:

Oh, red man of the forest,
How queer you make me feel,
To think your dinner, howe'er cooked
Is always——Indian Meal!

Chorus—in Choctaw—

Ota keyo urt imemiss Lucy!
Ota keyo urt imemisslong!
Ota keyo urt imemiss Lucy dear!
Andk cept heba bywar m!

"Modern English poetry, the third specimen," reaches us in the following form:

IN BOREAM.

Dusk glamouring browns the evening sheen
But if Fates' colors tell no lie,
All this unto myself is I,
And I myself smaragdine green.

But am I truly to be damned
In the wild whirls of fibrous fate?
And a voice cried—with desolate
Dry souls the bag of Heaven is crammed.

If I myself were only I,
Or Self were something more Myself,
Still reaching to the Inner Shelf
Where the Soul's wash is put to dry.

So would I weep—but weeping still
I wander in the eventide,
And see the boy his donkey ride,
While sparrows lounge athwart the mill.

And so the answer wendeth far
A shimmering out-word o'er the down,
Through the grailed splores of that dun town,
In-heavening yon violet star.

The remaining thousand verses are omitted by universal and agonized request. It is easily made, this poetry—one ounce of Pre-Raphaelite art to a peck of I's and Me's—the whole flavored with some extremely slender metaphysics and gasps over predestination.

.....At the West Philadelphia table there is a very beautiful object, which we commend to the attention of the public, the most elegent fabric of beads and embroidery ever worked by woman's fingers. It is to be given to the unfailing friend of America, Mr. BRIGHT of England.

"Rebecca," re-appeared at the "well," to find her task unnecessary, as she was in a land where a stream passed by every man's door. The Court scenes of "Good Queen Bess" gave place to the simple parlor and family circle of the man, not crowned by the Archbishops of Canterbury, but by the hand of the Almighty, our own Washington.

As Mercy's Dream was presented to the view, the circumstances of the times recalled another dream of Mercy, beautifully realized in the ministries of the Sanitary Commission, the good Samaritan of the Nineteenth century.

By this means these young ladies obtained a fund with which to commence operations for the Fair. Without interference with school duties, or school hours, but by the diligent improvement of every leisure moment, early and late, they presented for sale on the opening day, goods which, with the aid of several valuable donations from kind friends, amounted to almost $700. Among other things, we would notice a worked rug, the most beautiful article of the kind in the Fair, also an Afghan of large size and superior workmanship.

The efforts of these young ladies are commendable, and worthy of their motto, "Amor Patriæ."

MISS BROWN'S SCHOOL.

On entering the School Department from Union Avenue, the first table on the right greets us with an abundance of handsome, useful and fancy articles, made by the pupils of Miss Brown's Academy, 1003 Spring Garden street. The wax fruit on this table is most tempting, and any one desiring such an ornament for his parlor need go no further, as it has been pronounced a perfect imitation of nature.

We also observed, some days ago, an infant's Afghan, which we are surprised to see hanging there still. Its workmanship is unique and exquisite. Some one of superior taste will, no doubt, become its purchaser. The price is quite reasonable, only twenty dollars. Last week they were presented with some childrens' aprons, most beautifully made by a lady seventy-two years of age, whose sight, however, needs no glasses. There are so many beautiful articles here, that we advise our friends to visit this table before making purchases in the other departments.

This school has been active in the work of providing for our sick and wounded soldiers, from the commencement of the rebellion. As soon as the Army of the Potomac were in the field, the pupils sent three hundred well-filled "housewives," besides a quantity of reading-matter. They have also sent large boxes of clothing and other goods to Nashville, and also to our well-known friend, Mrs. HARRIS, of the Ladies' Aid, whose name has become a household word in many a soldier's home.

Last October a year, they held a Fair at their Academy, which although lasting but two days, netted the handsome sum of two hundred and fifty-seven dollars. This they handed over to the hospitals and Refreshment Saloons. May it not truly be said, they have "done what they could?"

THE TURKISH DIVAN.

The announcement that smoking is allowed in the Divan has attracted the eye of every visitor to the Fair. Even the ladies have had their curiosity excited, and scores have peeped into this palace and have had their pretty noses regaled with the fragrant smoke from a hundred segars, to which as many youths were devoting their entire attention, to the total exclusion of their fair neighbors. These inveterate lovers of the weed should remember that it is to a lady that they owe the creation of this Divan, and while puffing their fragrant Havana should waft a silent prayer for her success in this world, and her happiness in the next. We regret our inability to give the name of the philanthropic lady. It deserves to be embalmed among the most precious relics of the Great Central Fair. The lady submitted her proposition to a gentleman who, in turn, laid the subject before a Committee of the Tobacco and Segar Trade of Philadelphia. The committee at once saw the eminent wisdom of the proposal, and by men of energy at once proceeded to carry into execution the design. The TURKISH DIVAN is the result.

Mr. Wm. M. Abbey was directed to have erected a suitable building for the purpose, and was clothed with unlimited power. According to instruction he proceeded, and at once procured the services of Mr. Smith, scenic artist of the Chesnut street Theatre, and that gentleman, with the aid of his brother artists, carried out their instructions to the letter, and were ready to place the Divan in position at the appointed time,—the day preceding the opening of the Fair. Too much credit cannot be awarded to these artists for the faithful manner which they have executed the design of the committee. The result of these labors is a Smoking Paradise, where, upon luxurious cushions and within the sound of the murmuring fountain, a choice segar can be disposed of before you are scarcely aware of it. The architecture of the buiding and its decorations are decidedly oriental, and convey a very good idea of the Turks' lounging place.

The retail cigar department of the Divan is under the immediate superintendence of the Messrs. BECK, who attend faithfully to their duties. The floral decorations of the Divan are in the hands of T. H. VETTERLEIN, through whose liberality must be attributed, to a great extent, the success of the institution. The embellishment of the department with singing birds, &c., is in charge of A. J. BUCKNOR, Jr., but owing to the non-arrival of foreign birds, at present, at this port, he is unable to procure other than a pair of birds, marked "Turkish Nightingales," which are very attractive, owing to their *powerful* notes, especially in the *evening*. Since the above was written, the birds have died, owing, it is supposed, to the bad flavor of the many cigars brought into the hall by those who preferred bringing in their own to purchasing in the Divan. The retail prices here are lower than those outside the Fair. The most favorite imported Havana cigars are always on hand, and the proceeds of all the goods go to the Sanitary Commission.

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The visitor to the Fair, who enters at the southeast corner of the enclosure, has only to turn to the left, and he or she will find him or herself in the Department set apart for the juveniles. Upon entering this portion of the Fair the objects which appear most prominent are baby-houses. These specimens of infantile architecture are multitudinous and varied, from the colossal affair where Mr. and Mrs. General TOM THUMB could set up house-keeping and have room enough to take in several Lilliputian boarders, to cottage affairs suitable for small dolls of limited means. Most of the houses are elegantly furnished, some are provided with all the "modern conveniences," and it would be a very hard child to please that could not find among all this portable real estate a mansion to suit his or her tastes.

The Old Woman who lived in a Shoe, and had so many children she didn't know what to do, figures as large as life in this department. The shoe is of sufficient capacity for a Gargantua or a Titan, or some other large-footed gentleman, and a little girl in grandmother's cap and spectacles sits comfortably in her mammoth brogan, and retails her doll-baby brood to whomsoever is disposed to make an investment in that line. The "Old Woman" has children of varied fortunes among her household, for patrician silks, velvets and laces lie cheek-by-jowl with plebian calicoes. But she makes no distinctions when a purchaser comes along, and she sells her velveted pet with as much satisfaction as she parts with a sixpenny doll. Upon the wall, over the shoe-mansion, the following excellent lines will be found:

"I hope you all know me, my little dears,
I bring you some hundreds of volunteers;
For our country they come, not to die but be sold,
I'm willing to turn all my children to gold.
A mother most tender, a patriot true,
I sacrifice all for the red, white and blue."

The "old woman" does not enjoy a monopoly in the baby line, in the Children's Department. Babies of all sorts, sizes and conditions are to be found there, and toys and varieties sufficient to set up a dozen regiments of little folks, are among the wares offered for sale by the earnest and indefatigable ladies who preside at the tables.

At the western end of the room is the following inscription, which is formed of Floral letters:

"Every child that buys a toy,
Heals the wounds of some brave boy."